See "Vanity Fair to the Public," for Terms of Subscription, etc., on Second Page.

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VOL. 4. NO. 81.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JULY 13,

1861.

TEACHING HIS GRANDFATHER HOW TO SUCK EGGS.

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

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From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping in to common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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ARTEMUS WARD'S

WEATHERSFIELD ORATION

DELIVERED JULY 4TH, AT WEATHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT, 1859.

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminatin awjince. I was 96 minits passin a given pint. I have revised the orashun, and added sum things which makes it appropposser to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammers and punktooated it. I do my own punktooatin now days. The printers in VANITY FAIR offiss can't punktooate worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will b'lieve me.

Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patritism the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you on this, my fust perfeshernal tower threw New Englan, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to *feel* (Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.)

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages and am a little shaky on livin ones. There4, expect no flowry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good. I've no enemys to reward nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union—it is a good thing—and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery peple a-movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth to bust it up. Too much good blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unhitchin marrid peple with neatness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters don't giv her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars upon her hed must continner to shine undimd, forever. I'm for the Union as she air, and whithered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I hav sed. [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more fraid of a DAWTER STROKE. This was impromptoo and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Amerika frum the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin fur witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their feller critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." Thare was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my Show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. WASHINGTON was abowt the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-heded, warm harted, brave and stiddy goin man. He never SLOPT OVER! The prevalin weakness of most publick men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters.—A. W.] They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel two much on the high presher principle. They git onto the fust poplar hobby hoss whitch trots along, not carin a sent whether the beest is even goin, clear sited and sound or spavind, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventooually if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it instid of exertin theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfuntly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun without the slitest hesitashun. WASHINGTON never Slopt Over. That wasn't GEORGE's stile. He luvd his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kornerd hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be WASHINGTONS, but we kin all be patrits & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. WASHINGTON and P. HENRY in the character of seseshers! As well fancy JOHN BUNYAN and DR. WATTS in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-hoss circus!

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would hav bin ten dollars in JEFF. DAVIS's pocket if he'd never bin born!

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Be shure and vote at leest once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the kripples air provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamus lise whitch the Opposishun will be sartin to git up fur perlitercal effek on the eve of eleckshun. To the poles! To the poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persess and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see mutch two admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar air abowt as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still,
& you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, &c. but your favorit Bevrige I disgust. I allude to New Englan Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stun jugs & will turn the stumnuck of the most shiftliss Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down sum of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to sware like a infooriated trooper. On takin the seckund glass I was seezed with a disire to break winders, & arter imbibin the third glass I knocht a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New-York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin SYLVANUS KOBB's last Tail. Its dreffful stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin, gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossum as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you air abowt it you will do a fust rate thing fur yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevrige.

My frends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant oder of Onyins abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mister CATTERLINE to the Rumuns, I go but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtoous & you'll be happy!

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Romantic Visitor of the Trenches.—"O, how I envy you, noble Son of Columbia!"
Unromantic Artilleryman.—"No Marm, I'm only a Son of a Gun."

THE FEMALE SOLD-UIER.

Our readers may remember the case of Jasper, a correspondent of the Daily *Times*, driven from Charleston awhile ago; and his wonderful escape, under many disguises, may not be quite forgotten yet. If Jasper's story was true—and we sincerely hope that it was—he is certainly one of the seven wonders of the world; but alas for human fame! he has been thrown completely in the shade by a more recent discovery.

An exchange, published somewhere in the country, fills out a column with this sublime statement:

☞ A slave woman has been discovered in one of the Ohio regiments. She was discharged.

That is all. Clear, quiet, and simple in language, thrilling in meaning, and totally incomprehensible of understanding, we present it to our readers just as we find it. Our eyes do not deceive us.

A black woman has passed herself off for a white soldier. Shade of Jasper! What a metamorphosis. Was she whitewashed? Did she "paint an inch thick" to come "to that complexion?" How did she pass the medical examination unsuspected? What was her object? Did she wear a beard? The more questions we ask, the more profound our mystification grows. Is it an enigma, a conundrum? What-Is-It? We give it up. But, if this sort of thing is prevalent, what regiment is safe from these female ethiopian Jaspers? How do we know that our army, which we have loved and esteemed so much, is not largely composed of negro wenches! Can anybody swear that Brigadier-General Pierce is not a colored maiden in disguise? If he is, let him also be discharged, and speedily.

Seriously, it doesn't seem likely that this can be a very common case. Jasper's was not, and Munchausen's adventures were unique. Let us hope that the Ohio regiment is the only one in whose ranks a Chloe or a Phyllis has found even a temporary asylum, and let us rejoice that in that case "she was discharged." It is probable that McArone's army alone boasts of an organization of "light quadroons;" and that we can put down rebellion better than by Putting it Down in Black and White.

A Mill in which Bankers cannot Grind People.
Mil-waukie.

MOVEMENTS OF GOVERNOR JACKSON.

From our Special Telegraph Operator.

Potatoville, Mo., July 4, 1861.

"A very gentlemanly person, who arrived here this morning, states that he saw a negro, with a wild banjo slung behind him, running very fast in a southerly direction, late yesterday afternoon. The supposition of my informant is, that the fugitive was a white man in disguise, as the air was filled with an odor of burnt cork for several hours after he had passed."

Barlorgan, S. C., July 5, 1861.

"I have just seen a young gentleman from Slasher's Corner, who informs me that an old woman has been seen galloping southward through that place on a white horse, for the last two days. She wore a man's hat, and the name Jackson was visible on the corner of a pocket-handkerchief dropped by her in her flight."

Dodge Ridge, Fla., July 7, 1861.

"The waiter at Bliss's Hotel, in this place, who is quite a gentleman, says that a very suspicious looking man passed over this locality last night, in a fire-balloon. He was steering South, and, from his manner and conversation, not to talk of his position, appeared to be slightly elevated."

Rye Neck, La., July 8, 1861.

"The inhabitant of this place was woke up last night, at a very unseasonable hour, by a man on a howitzer drawn by seven yoke of oxen. The man said he was in a great hurry to get further South, and wanted some hominy for himself and his team. My informant, who is remarkable for his gentlemanly reticence, refused to furnish any particulars of his interview with the traveller, but has kindly offered to supply me with his own family history for a dollar and a pint of corn whiskey."

From the Deep.

All the crustaceous tribe are said to be revengeful. For instance, if you lop off a lobster's leg or claw, the creature will be sure to re-member it.

At it with a Will.

The President and Secretary of State were closeted together, overwhelmed by the affairs of the nation.

"Seward, you look puzzled," said Secretary Chase, as he entered, and found that able functionary half buried among papers, scratching his head, and biting his pen.

"Never fear," quoth old Abe, laughing gaily, and slapping his Secretary of State approvingly on the back, "Where there's a will there's a way!"

Kane's Mistake.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Tribune*, describing a visit to the famous deposits of concealed arms accumulated by the Rag-Ugly policeman, Kane, states that the stolen goods in question were "hidden away in the most inaccessible places, such as beneath heaps of anthracite coal."

Now, considering the inflammable nature of the material selected by ex-Marshal Kane for concealment of his treason, it is no wonder that the latter was Brought to Light.

Class in Geography.

"What is the lowest Ridge in Kentucky?"

Small Boy.—"Breckin ridge."

"What is the crookedest, meanest lane in America?"

Small Boy.—"Jo. Lane. Please mayn't go out now?"

"Yes, my little Gazelle."

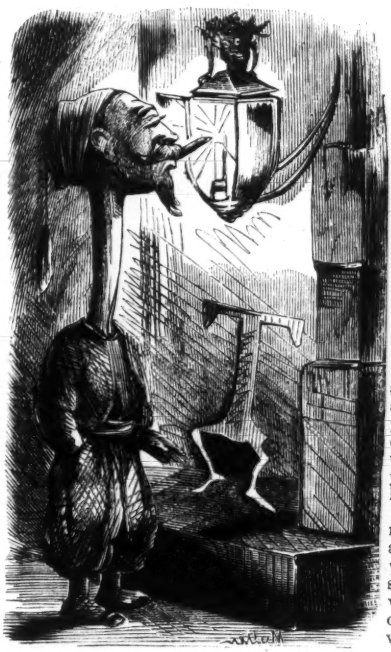
Very Compromising.

The worst kind of traitor at present—An Arbi-trator.

SPECIAL CAMP CORRESPONDENCE OF V. F.

MARCHING ORDERS—WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—BREAKING-UP OF CAMP, AND THINGS IN GENERAL—SOLDIER'S FARE—AND SO ON—PARTICULARLY THE LATTER.

EN ROUTE, (*if you know where that is, so much the better,*)
JUNE 20, 1861.



RIUMPHANT VANITY:

At length we are off!

Orders having been received to march anywhere without a moment's notice, we obeyed promptly, and are already thus far on our way.

The aforesaid orders were unusually peremptory, and I therefore expect that something will take place before long, if not sooner.

Of this, however, you shall judge for yourself, the order being substantially as follows: "Look-a-here, young man! you jest get off this ere ground in less than no time, or you'll wish you had!"

Nothing could be more satisfactory, and in even somewhat less than the specified period we were in full march to our destination, wherever that may be; as I trust it will!

You will excuse the haste of this epistle. It must naturally be rather careless, and even slightly illegible, being written on a musket-barrel held between my teeth; my hands being otherwise employed. It is somewhat awkward. But, such trifling difficulties are nothing compared to some of the embarrassments of military life.

Think of having to carry a fort at the point of the bayonet! What a load!

Or of being ordered to charge on the square at full gallop! What a credit-account to balance!

But I digress. (I will *die game*, however, in the end.)

The breaking up of our camp was picturesque. And complete! We broke everything that was in the least breakable. Immediately on receiving the above orders, we broke out, in strong language. Then we broke into a run. Then we broke into a violent perspiration. Then we broke our shins over a Root. Finally we broke down *en route*. (In these few but emphatic words, I fancy I have given you the scene in vivid outline.) After our final break, we called a halt *en route*. And, being rather lame, have halted ever since. By-the-bye, our drum-major has just jerked a joke about our halting. He said we would probably be specially employed in hanging the Rebels, as we made such capital halters.

By this you will see that we are in excellent spirits, and anxious to meet the enemy. Indeed we are prepared to mince-meat him. And if he attacks us from a masked battery, we'll make a forced-meat ball of him, or never cry Domino! again.

N. B.—These are essentially military jokes. There is, therefore no extra charge for them, as they are naturally part of all well-regulated camp-correspondence.

Our commissariat is thoroughly organized. We breakfast in the morning, (having previously risen,) dine in the afternoon, and sup in the evening. And are becoming quite used to it, I assure you. Indeed, were it not for the fact that we are soldiers, not one of us, probably, would be aware of the difference.

It is true, our duties are fatiguing, but then we retire every night as soon as we go to bed, and are locked in slumber the moment we are sound asleep. We awake as soon as we open our eyes in the morning, and the instant our clothes are all on, we are fully dressed.

The charms of novelty in all this, more than compensate to us for its newness, I assure you!

Of course now that we are En Route, there will be a slight modification of this Routine. But of that hereafter.

I have just ordered an advance.* We form, at present, four columns only, two having been dropped, from motives of prudence. Each column is headed by a leader of the truest type. And as to the columns themselves, I do not utter a vain boast, upon my word, when I pronounce them, as my French Sergeant would say, really Nonpariels!

If I fail not, you shall hear from me again.

Yours remittently,
Major VON PUCK, G. R. C.

SOUTHERN WANTS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times*, from Georgia, gives a long account of Southern wants.

1*st*.—"They want salt and brine." We thought they were in a pretty pickle already.

2*d*.—"Leather is much wanted." They shall have it. Thousands of strapping Northern boys are on the road, to give them a good hiding.

3*d*.—"Also matches; (which have been selling for 15 cents a box—cash!")' If they don't find more than matches in the aforesaid boys, VANITY FAIR is mistaken.

4*th*.—"Likewise padlocks, to lock up nigger cabins." We prefer to keep those ourselves, to lock up our rebel prisoners.

5*th*.—"Medicines are much wanted." They are too far gone for any physic but blood-letting; therefore we have sent several thousand doctors to "*minie*-ster to a mind diseased."

6*th*.—"Lead was very much wanted; and they were calling on the people for lead pipes, spouts, &c." Let gentlemen down South be easy. They will soon get from us far more lead than they want; and, as to spouts, what on earth have they done with COBB, STEPHENS, BEAUREGARD, JEFF DAVIS, and the rest of them?

7*th*.—"Also Britannia spoons." Why didn't they hold on to W. H. RUSSELL, Barrister at Law, LL. D., &c. &c.? Besides what can they want with Spoons, when they have plenty of such things as WISE, WIGFALL, TOOMBS, TWIGGS, PILLOW, &c. &c?

8*th*.—"One of the greatest wants is percussion caps." The only Cap we intend to let them have is the Cap of Liberty; precisely as it came from our fathers. We have stuck it on a long pole, in face of the nations, and woe to whoever tries to take it down!

9*th*.—"But, first and last, they want to be *let alone*." Sensible desire! Very well, that is easily obtained. Let them lay down their arms, cry Peccavi!—give back to Uncle Sam every cent they have robbed him of, and behave themselves henceforth like honest men and patriots.

REJECTED NATIONAL HYMNS.

No. III.

THE DEATH OF THE STARS.

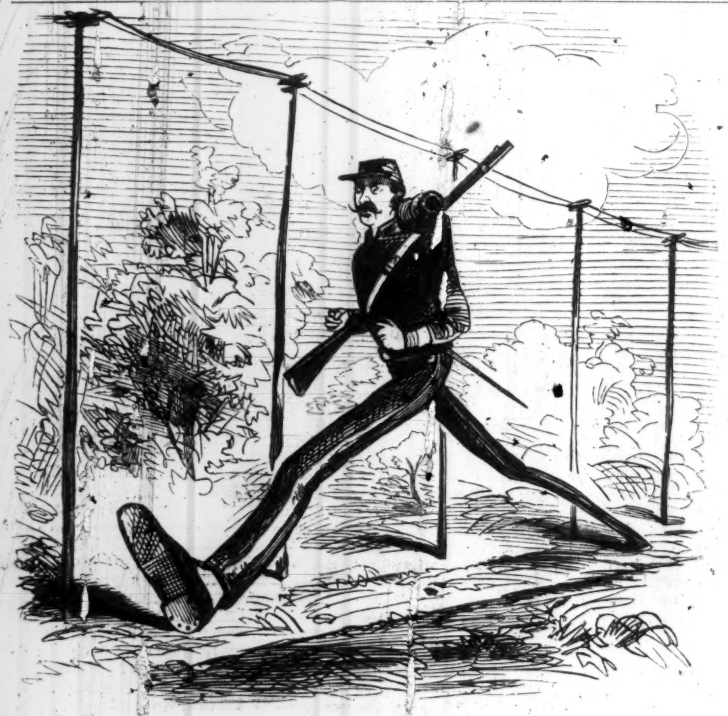
The melancholy days have come, the saddest of our years,
Of waving swords and booming guns, and widows' falling tears.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the fell'd trees' leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the soldier's tramp, or the creep of ambuscade.
The belles have flown from Washington, from Newport and Cape May,
And the newsboys sell six extras in the course of every day.

Where are the stars, the fair young stars, that lately shone and stood
In brighter light, and bluer sky, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! how some are darkened! The fiery Southern Stars
Have madly shot from out their spheres, like lightning trains of cars.
Bomb-shells are falling where they lie; but blood will flow like rain,
Before we see upon our flag those Southern stars again.

And now, when comes July the Fourth, as still such days will come,
To call the Representatives and Senators from home,
When the sound of brisk debate is heard, though the galleries are still,
And in the smoky restaurants chain-lightning doth distil,
The lobby-borer searches for the men by whom he swore,
And sighs to find them in the House and avenue no more!

W. O. B.

* Note. This reminds me to remark, that any advance you are disposed to make, will be welcome. The larger the better, not under a XX. If I fall, I'll mention it in my dying words. V. P.



HUMORS OF THE WAR.

A QUIET SOUTHERN RETREAT.

THE DOG IN THE SKY.

I.

What are you, celestial rager,
That, around the welkin-ring,
Worries poor old URSA-MAJOR
With a speed bewildering?
Are you playful, are you SIRIUS,
Rabid blood-hound, fierce for prey,
Ready in your thirst delirious
To lick up the Milky Way?
I, for one, a fast believer
In the astral signs and types,
See, in you, the great Retriever
Of our wounded Stars and Stripes.
Hark the crashing,
Hark the gnashing
Cannons' boom and warriors' cry!
Sail up, sail up,
Keep your tail up,
Yellow War-Dog of the Sky!

II.

Dog of Mars! come to my whistle;
When the Northern bands unite,
And the spearing irons bristle,
Show your mettle for the Right!
Northward as I see you wending
In the spangled paths afar,
Northward, ever, bending, tending,
Mystic watcher of the war!
I, for one, a fast believer
In the astral signs and types,
Welcome you, O! great Retriever
Of our glorious Stars and Stripes!
Hark the clashing,
Hark the slashing,
Sabre's ring and soldier's cry!
Sail up, sail up,
Keep your tail up,
Yellow War-Dog of the Sky!

THE WAR COMET OF '61.

VANITY FAIR'S REPORTS FROM THE INTERIOR.

The magnificent Comet which appeared in this thrifty municipality the other night, was witnessed by thousands of our citizens, and has been graphically described by the daily papers. We therefore need not further allude to the appearance of the brilliant visitor here, but will proceed to lay our reports from the interior before the readers of VANITY FAIR:—

ALBANY, July 3.

The Comet was here this evening, and looked splendidly. A sort of Comet made its appearance in Troy, about the same time, but it was a one-horse affair in comparison to ours.

TROY, July 3.

A magnificent Comet appeared in our city this evening. Its splendid nucleus was especially admired by our citizens. The sickly concern which appeared in Albany had no nucleus.

RAHWAY, N. J., July 4.

The Comet has at last appeared in New Jersey. It made its appearance here this evening, by special consent of the Common Council. The Comet had a splendid nucleus. The assertion of a respectable young man from New-York that he saw two Comets is generally discredited, as he was evidently laboring under a rush of tea to the brain.

BOSTON, July 5.

The Comet has now been in New England for the period of two days. It is a very creditable affair, although it is due to candor to state that it does not, in point of grandeur and revolutionary interest, approach Bunker Hill. The Comet will not leave New England.

CHICAGO, July 6.

A gorgeous Comet made its appearance here this evening, and is the guest, of course, of the Chicago Academy of Science. Corner lots advanced 15 per cent. at once. DAN. BOOTH has extended a free pass to the Comet over the Chicago and Pittsburgh R. R.

PORTLAND, ME., July 6.

The Comet was here this evening. It is vastly superior to the *Great Eastern*, even admitting that there is any such boat, which we by no means do.

PRINCETON, N. J., July 6.

Notwithstanding the Comet, the fare on the Camden and Amboy R.R. will remain at the same reasonable rates—U. S. soldiers only being charged extra.

BALTIMORE, July 6.

The Comet passed over our city to-night. No attempt was made to obstruct its passage, and there were no evidences of a mob. The city is quiet.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.

The Comet was seen here to-night by one of the Girard House contractors, but as he couldn't make anything out of it, it was allowed to sail on.

Medical Highwaymen.

Some late advertisers of patented pills,
By way of persuading the public to buy,
Bid all who are cursed with corporeal ills,
To "Take them and *live*, or refuse them, and *die!*"
God help us!—says TIMON—and must we defend
Our persons and pockets with pistol or knife?
One can easily see what the rascals intend;
'Tis the highwayman's cry of "Your purse or your life!"

What Next?

A New Orleans merchant last week sent on the money to cancel a debt contracted with a firm in this city. No reason can be assigned for the rash act.

Ports for Pirates.

In the absence of aid and comfort from England and France, our war-ships will promptly open all their ports for the benefit of JEFF. DAVIS' privateers.

A LONG LOOK-OUT.

France.—"Ha! ha! my leetle Tom Thumb of a Davis! Ven you grow so big and can valk all alone, you shall be great friend vith me!"

HINTS TO THOSE ABOUT TO BECOME VOLUNTEERS.

By the Special Adviser of Vanity Fair.

Our contemporaries, having universally and gratuitously given much valuable advice to our citizen soldiery upon all the details of their military life, we thought it our duty to draw from "the stores of our experience" for the same benevolent end. But finding, on rigid examination, that our stores were entirely exhausted, and not discovering, even, any loose "experience" lying round among our traps, we determined to engage the services of a "Special Adviser," for the express purpose of furnishing a quantity, at no matter what cost. This, we are happy to announce, we have succeeded in accomplishing, at precisely the expense above alluded to. And the following "Hints" are the result:

1st. Every one desiring to become a soldier will find it advisable, before entering upon the actual duties of military life, to *enlist*, either on *one* or the *other side*.

(N. B.—Some have even attempted to serve on *both sides*. But have found this rather a trying position.)

2d. The Aspirant will be considerably benefitted, and relieved from much subsequent inconvenience, by an intelligent *choice* of the *side* upon which to enlist.

3d. He will, if he heed our advice, evince no hesitation in choosing *his* side. We advise him to select the Right side!

4th. Should he, in spite of this counsel, waver, our decided opinion is, that he had better remain *outside*.

5th. Many new recruits are in doubt how best to keep their health. The simplest method is, to *preserve* it.

6th. Much dissatisfaction has been justly expressed at the poor clothing furnished the volunteers (especially in Pennsylvania). With the aid of our advice, this will be easily remedied. Let every soldier who finds his equipment inferior, offer a wager that the Secessionists whip the Government troops. He will instantly get a *better*.

7th. The recently enlisted regiments also complain of the delay in their being "ordered off." There is no difficulty in accomplishing this. Let the members of such regiments respectively commit wanton trespasses upon private property beyond their camps, and they will be *ordered off* almost immediately. Or, if they wish to *get off* in unusually quick time, we advise them to lie down on the track of any railroad half an hour in advance of an express train. They will be surprised at the celerity with which their *getting off* is accomplished, as soon as they hear the whistle.

8th. Many suggestions have been made with reference to the fare of our soldiers. These have seemed to us quite superfluous, inasmuch as there can be but two species of fare appropriate to their mode of life. When they are actually engaged in presence of the enemy, they will necessarily subsist on *war-fare*. And when on the march, like other *way-farers*, they must put up with *whey-fare*.

9th. With regard to their beverages, we think they will find it of solid advantage to use nothing but *fluids*.

10th. We might, perhaps, make a suggestion or two as to the best *material* for their dress. But we content ourselves (and the contractors) with pronouncing it *immaterial*.

11th, and lastly. A word as to habit. Habit being second nature, the habits of the soldier will depend on the nature of the country where he in(n)habits. But he cannot possibly suffer if he accustom himself, as much as lies in his power, to *habits of life*.

Shake Hands.

Mr. W. H. Russell, in one of his recent gossipping letters to the London *Times*, tries to ridicule the free and independent and warm-hearted American custom of shaking hands upon a friendly introduction. Mr. Russell will find this improvement upon the stiff, formal, and cold-blooded Englishman's bow, quite as prevalent in the North as in the South; and when he comes North again, he need not be afraid of holding out his right hand to gentlemen, so long as that hand (metaphorically speaking) is *clean*, towards our people.

Criminal.

The City Council of St. Joseph, Missouri, have enacted severe penalties against any one who commits the "crime" of running up the federal stars and stripes. Vanity Fair agrees with the City Council of St. Joseph. It is highly criminal to subject that glorious old flag to the desecration of waving over a foul nest of traitors—at least until they are whipped into loyalty.

What the whole South cannot Take.

The Southern Loan.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

I.

I'm a dashing young Southerner, gallant and tall,
I am willing to fight, but unwilling to fall;
I am willing to fight, but I think I may say
That I'm still more in favor of running away:
So forth from my quarters I fearlessly go,
With my feet to the field and my back to the foe!

II.

The life of a trooper is pleasure and ease,
Just suited to sprigs of the old F. F. Vs.;
No horrible wounds, and no midnight alarms
Should mar our fair skins and get rust on our arms;
Through the sweet sunny South we will tranquilly go
With our feet to the field and our backs to the foe!

III.

I own twenty niggers, of various shades,
Who burnish my arms for our fancy parades;
My horse prances sideways, curvetting along,
And lovely eyes single me out from the throng
Of dashing young Southerners, all in a row,
With their feet to the field and their backs to the foe!

IV.

My sword is gold-hilted, my charger is fleet,
I am bullion and spangles from helmet to feet;
I am fierce in my cups, and most savagely bent
On slaying the Yankees . . . when safe in my tent;
In short, if I'm timid, I know how to blow,
With my feet to the field and my back to the foe!

V.

'Tis well for the hireling myrmidon crew
To shed vulgar blood for their red, white and blue,
But when they've attacked us, we always have beat . . .
Don't misunderstand; I mean, beat a retreat! . .
And the grass, I'll be sworn, has a poor chance to grow
'Neath our feet on the field, with our backs to the foe!

VI.

Then bring me my horse! let me ride in the van,
A position I always secure, if I can,
For the enemy hardly can hit me, I find,
While running away with an army behind,
As over the ground like a whirlwind I go
With my feet to the field and my back to the foe!

VII.

Sometimes I put Sambo, and Cuffee, and Clem.,
'Twixt me and the Yankees, who shoot into them;
But when at close quarters, with pistol and knife,
I find it much safer to run for my life;
So the dust from my horseshoes I haughtily throw,
As I dash from the field with my back to the foe!

VIII.

The Northmen, to catch me, will have to ride fast,
Though I have a misgiving they'll do it at last;
And it cannot be other than awkward, I fear,
To find a great knot underneath my left ear,
As up through the air like a rocket I go,
With a beam overhead and a scaffold below!

THANK YOU, GENTLE REEDER.

It is stated that Ex-Governor Andrew H. Reeder, of Pennsylvania, has declined a Brigadier-Generalship in the Regular Army, "on the ground of incompetency." If this be true, it is certainly a very worthy and becoming action, and one that may be taken as a precedent by a good many highly patriotic and totally ignorant gentlemen, who have been sending their names to the cabinet for colonelcies, brigadierships, and even major-generalships. We wouldn't be personal in our remarks, for the world, but we cannot help thinking that if all eminent ex-Governors and ex-candidates for Governor, had been as modest as Mr. Reeder, the big blunder of Big Bethel might have been avoided. Brigades now quartered on short rations and Staten Island please take notice.

Colors that won't Run.

The Jersey Blues.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1861.

DEAR VANITY: Affairs remain pretty much *in statu quo*.

My statement that "Future was big with something" was a forgery. My letters have been tampered with. Perhaps it might be better, hereafter, for you to have all your correspondence written in your back office, as the *Tribune* does. . . .

That, however, is a circumstance, to which I will not at present refer. This letter, at all events, shall be authentic and truthful. Upon my honor!

I have just had a long talk with JOHN MINOR BOTTS, whose imitations of my letters have produced so much laughter among the readers of the *Tribune*. I am not angry with JOHN. His correspondence is such an evident burlesque of mine, that nobody could imagine for a moment that he meant to mislead any one.

He has given me some very important information concerning affairs in the rebellious districts.

There are no rebel soldiers in Virginia, and those are only a mob of half-starved, half-naked wretches, who always run away. In fact, they have all run away; and JOHN says that he thinks some of them are still running.

General BEAUREGARD, of whom you may have heard, is half-starved and half-naked like the rest. He lately ran away from Richmond to Manassas Gap, where the poor wretch was obliged to erect heavy batteries, for fear the federal troops should march upon him.

It is by such cowardly acts as these that the rebels have lost the respect of the whole Cabinet and army.

Old ABE has no longer hesitated to avow his contempt for the entire Confederacy. . .

General SCOTT says that if this sort of thing continues eight or ten months longer, he will call on fifty thousand more volunteers, and fortify Washington and Alexandria so that they will be perfectly safe from any attack. . .

As for me, I knit my noble brows, fold my arms across my manly chest, and chew a good deal more tobacco than usual. . .

But I say nothing.

BOTTS tells me that the rebel army is headed by a fellow named JACKSON, a brother of the assassin of ELLSWORTH.

An engagement is expected to occur somewhere, shortly.

Nothing seems to be known, however, on any subject.

Our picket-guards were all shot, last night, by a party of rebel scouts, supposed to be brothers of JACKSON, the assassin of ELLSWORTH.

Professor LOWE's plans have all gone up in a balloon.

MRS. LINCOLN is well. The report that she took paregoric habitually, is unfounded.

Three secession spies were discovered in the basement of my tent, last night. I put up a new gallows and turned them off this morning, in the presence of my gallant zoo-zoos and several invited guests, among whom were some of the belles of Washington.

The poor devils died easily and gamely. They were said to be brothers of JACKSON, the assassin of ELLSWORTH.

BOTTS tells me that affairs in Virginia are very unsettled. He stayed three months in Richmond, and commerce is so dead there that grass grows in the principal streets. In fact, he pastured a cow for some weeks right in front of his street-door.

The negroes, he says, are kept busy all the time, quelling insurrection among the whites. The *Tribune* has engaged BOTTS as a regular correspondent, to take the place of HARVEY, who has been rewarded by a fat foreign mission. ABE says that if Gov. PICKENS will come on to Washington, he will give him the consulate of St. Petersburg. There is another man applying for that post now, who will probably get it. His name is JACKSON, and he is said to be a brother of the assassin of ELLSWORTH.

SCOTT informs me, unofficially, that he is very desirous that the rebels shall remove all their batteries and camps from Virginia. If they persist in keeping them there, he will not send a single Northern soldier into the State.

As I write, forty thousand Massachusetts troops are defiling past my camp. They are returning from a furlough granted them in order that they might enjoy a regular old-fashioned Fourth of July clambake at home.

They are now intended for the defence of Washington.

They were assaulted, during their march through Baltimore, by a mob, headed by two ruffians named JACKSON, supposed to be brothers of the assassin of ELLSWORTH.

A very brilliant little affair took place near CLOUD'S Mills, the other night. Three of my zoo-zoos were out on picket-duty, and were attacked by forty of the rebel cavalry. The boys bravely stood their ground until assaulted, when each retreated in a different direction, but in good order.

They picked up three hundred stand of arms, and cannon, flags, musical instruments, etc., in great quantities, which the rebels dropped in their flight. One minie rifle, encrusted with gold and precious stones, bore the name of JACKSON, a rebel farmer living in the neighborhood. The boys were especially anxious to catch him, as he has been known to maltreat the Union men in the rebel army, and he is, also, a brother of JACKSON, the assassin of ELLSWORTH. . . .

And beside, he is said to carry a very costly gold watch, and a good deal of pocket-money.

. . I have just learned that BOTTS is not to be trusted. His washerwoman tells me that among the dirty linen he sent her was a secession flag that he had used. I suspect him of collusion. . . .

A messenger has this moment arrived with intelligence that BOTTS has been detected in the act of setting fire to the President's wheat-field, in front of the White House. I have issued an order for his arrest. . . .

The fire is extinguished, but the wildest excitement prevails. . . .

One hundred thousand more volunteers will be called for immediately, to ensure the safety of Washington.

. . People are very much blamed by everybody.

. . Nothing is known.

. . I think that something will happen.

BIANCA is ironing a dozen clean havelocks for me. . . .

My men are shaving themselves and blacking their boots, preparatory to a grand movement. . . .

The newspaper correspondents are holding a meeting with closed doors, no gentlemen being admitted. Their object is to give advice to me and General SCOTT, and to have their statements of facts agree, for once. . . . .

I am partially intoxicated. . . .

A mysterious stranger with a slouched hat and a long black cloak, has been arrested for trying to bribe Old ABE to recognise the Confederate government. At first, he was supposed to be only a hero in one of NED EVERETT'S or NED BUNTLINE'S blood-and-thunder novelettes, but it has since been discovered that he is a brother of JACKSON, the assassin of ELLSWORTH. He is safely handcuffed, and I am

MC ARONE.

The Gradual Scholar.

COLUMBIA gives—to show her friendly care—
(Nay, do not sneer; 'tis all that she could spare)
COLUMBIA gives—and bless her for the same!
To Honest ABE, a handle to his name!
(Some classic friend will tell him what it means,
And how the Laurel isn't good for greens.)
He's not a *Porson*, we have heard it said,
And keeps small Greek or Latin in his head;
But let COLUMBIA kindly persevere,
And add new honors each succeeding year—
Our Honest ABE, with more than common ease,
Will grow a Man of Letters by *Degrees!*

Answer to Correspondent.

Q. You have had several jokes lately in V. F. I don't exactly understand; who wrote them?

A. 1. Neither do we.

2. "AUGUSTUS," of the *Evening Post*.

Query.

In view of his fondness for that noble Roman name, may we not call the Southern Negro the present Pomp and circumstance of war?

HARDEE MADE EASY.

AFTER WEEK—nay more—have we been applied to by the commanding officers of Europe to supply them with hints for their deportment toward the United States, in case the Editor of the *Herald* proclaims war against the rest of the world. To those respectable old persons we now say, once for all—Subscribe to VANITY FAIR, but do not lend it to your friends. By carefully committing to memory everything contained in each weekly number of it, including the lively advertisements on the inside of the cover, you will obtain all the information you require, and more too.

Resuming our improvements of HARDEE, at the point where we cut them off last week, let us take a sharp look at the gauntlet.

This item of the soldier's equipments has long enjoyed a place of great significance among the articles of war. Throwing down the gauntlet should be assiduously practised by the recruit, according to the following directions. Drop it smartly, at the word, on a spot exactly three feet two inches in front of you, and, when the instructor stoops to pick it up, hit him a sharp rap over the head with the butt of your musket. Then stand again at ORDER ARMS, and wait until you see what he is going to do about it. In availing yourself of this stratagem on the battlefield, take a ready advantage of your enemy's politeness, by shooting him upon the spot as he stoops to pick up the gauntlet.

Running the gauntlet is quite a different kind of thing from throwing it down. It may be practised by running the recruit around Washington Park, between ten rows of base-ball players, every one of whom will try to make a score off him as he passes.

Never insult an enemy by throwing down before him a gauntlet of the quality furnished by army contractors. This would be contrary to the articles of war, in which it is provided that the mitten cannot be given except by the decree of a court-martial.

The recruit must make up his mind, from the first, to be a machine at the control of the instructor. He must remember that the soldier, although a man, will eventually return to pipe-clay instead of dust, and should respect the adjutant of his regiment accordingly.

Regimental chaplains should all subscribe to VANITY FAIR, for the purpose of reading this edition of HARDEE's Tactics, which is the only one worth much money. It can be had for six cents, together with ten pages of other cheerful matter, including seven advertisements and a cartoon.

Their Little Game.

An exchange says :—

M. BERGER, the billiard-player, is at Chicago. On his way from New Orleans, he was stopped at some point on the river, and his table was confiscated by the Secessionists, for the benefit of the Confederate States.

We were aware that "powder, Balls, and all kinds of ammunition," are included in the list of contraband articles, but we did not know that the rebels had interdicted the pleasures of the Table. They have already proved that they took the Cue from M. BERGER, by making the greatest Runs with the fewest Shots on record, and FLOYD has evinced wonderful skill in Pocketing, but we think that the government can afford to give them Sixty-one and beat them when they will sue very humbly, no doubt, to be Discounted. Let some of them beware of the End of our String!

REVEILLE.

Réveillé! Réveillé!
And a nation awoke :—
From the dense pine wood
Where the echoing stroke
Of the axe rung in air;
To the far Western flood
Where the great waters broke
Everywhere :—
The Nation's voice spoke—
Réveillé! Réveillé!

Réveillé! Réveillé!
From the forests of Maine
Bronzed, hardy and bold,
They poured down like rain,
In legions untold.
And the Bay State gave forth
All the strength of her might
When the men of the North
Went out to the fight :—
And their battle-cry rolled—
Réveillé! Réveillé!

Réveillé! Réveillé!
We hear it again,
On the Nation's birth-day;
And her patriot train
Must up and away.
For the council-fires burn,
And the council-seats wait
For her sons to return
And stand fast by the State.
Stand fast! No debate!
Réveillé! Réveillé!

Réveillé! Réveillé!
Oh! come where your hearts
And your honors are twined;
Leave your mercantile arts
To the sport of the wind.
Ye have questions to guide
And a knot to untie,
For your power is defied
And the whole people cry—
Réveillé! Réveillé!

Réveillé! Réveillé!
Oh! eat not, nor sleep,
But fly to your posts,
Or your country shall weep ;—
And the enemy's hosts
Ere your work shall begin—
What with foes from without,
And traitors within—
Will awaken a doubt
Of the future—then shout!
Réveillé! Réveillé!

Réveillé! Réveillé!
And when ye are come,
Oh! waste not your speech,
For the great hearts at home
In silence beseech
That ye do your work well.
Give strength to our hands,
And the future shall tell
How ye saved our broad lands ;—
So ring out every bell!
Réveillé! Réveillé!

Anything but Bliss!

It appears that the general state of dirt prevailing in the more densely inhabited wards of this city, is to be attributed to the fact that HACKLEY, the contractor for cleaning the streets, has sub-let his contract to a person named BLISS, with whom—unhappily, perhaps—we have not the pleasure of being acquainted. The street-scrapers don't want BLISS, it seems, and the cartmen sullenly back up their horses to the loud sound of Wo! Is it any wonder, then, under such dispiriting circumstances as these, that the *Herald* should have a paragraph headed "HACKLEY in Hot Water again"? We hope HACKLEY will get out of that warm bath of his, as soon as possible, and turn off the hot water into the dirty gutters.